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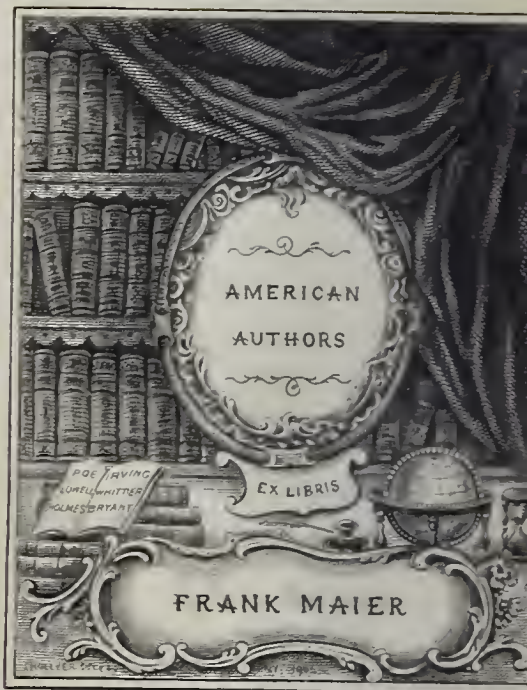
Rhymes of an artist ...



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VOLUME



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RHYMES

OF

AN ARTIST:

BY

J. HOUSTON MIFFLIN.

Fairy-form'd, and many-colour'd things.—BYRON.

PHILADELPHIA :

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BROWN.

1835.

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TO THE READER.

THIS little volume IS NOT PUBLISHED, but is presented to the friends of the author as a slight memento of kind feeling, which he is confident will be reciprocated by indulgent criticism.

Some of the pieces in this collection, have appeared in print before, in *Souvenirs* or *Magazines*; but, for the most part, they are now first hastily selected from a mass that has been long accumulating. Many of them, therefore, are “the lays of his boyhood,” and are regarded by the writer, only as they recall the moments of idleness which they so pleasantly, if not profitably, employed.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 1, 1835.

Spirit serene ! that ever com'st to me,
With soul-refreshing, purifying pow'r,
Teach me the language I may speak to thee,
Now in the holy hush of evening's hour !
Then let me tell thee, how I bowed to grace
Thy forehead with a wreath of lasting bloom ;
And now must blush, e'en while I sigh, nor place
A garland so unworthy on thy tomb !

THE SOLACE OF NATURE. ✓

5 If in strange cities thou should'st wander lone,
A lost intruder in a crowded street,
Whom none may care for, and who cares for none,
Since there no form familiar he may greet,
No heart in unison with his to beat!
And thou art sad, as memory retraces
Sweet distant scenes—than ever, now, more sweet!
And the fond look of well-remembered faces
That gave the dearest charm that hallows those loved
places—

Then, if thy heart, revolting with disdain,
Spurns at the low pursuits of selfish kind,
And flies communion, lest its sordid chain
Within their prison should thy spirit bind—

Turn from the market-place of man, and find
 In the fair fields, the solace that forever
 Flows with renewing freshness for the mind—
 A fountain gushing from the glorious giver—
 Bright stream ! a soul-restoring and triumphant river !

Rush to the hills and from their heights survey
 The face of nature, still serenely fair !
 She smiles upon thee as in childhood's day,
 When thou wast smiling—for thou knew'st no care—
 Far other look thine alter'd brow may wear—
 Yet her's is still the same ! and still her voice
 Breathes its familiar notes upon the air,
 As when her groves melodious were thy choice,
 And bad thee fervently, as now they do, rejoice !

Rejoice ! with silver step the laughing stream
 To its own music dances on its way !
 The grain-field glitters in the summer beam,
 While breezes o'er its golden ocean play !
 The bird bids welcome with mellifluous lay ;
 The grove invites thee to its shadow deep—
 Here by its flow'ring pathway wilt thou stray ?
 Or climb the rock and up the mountain-steep ;
 And there, on high, thy solitary commune keep !

Rejoice, that such a lovely world is given,
So full of beauty, to delight thine eye!
But more rejoice thee, that indulgent Heaven
Bestow'd a heart its beauty to descry—
Reflecting all the joy of earth and sky!
Thy cheek upon her heart—secure from harms—
The world's indifference thou can'st all defy!
Son of her heart! admirer of her charms!
Nature receives thee with a parent's open arms! }

THO' ON SAVANNAH'S SUNNY SHORE.

Tho' on Savannah's sunny shore
An earlier flow'r may blow,
And nature here her vernal store
With richer hand bestow ;
The stranger by your glancing stream
With pensive step may roam,
And dearer far that river deem,
That freezes near his home.

In vain your rich luxuriant groves,
May breathe the blandest air,
That filled with perfume idly roves
And wantons every where ;—
In vain your sweet melodious bird
The soul of song may pour—
The stranger even then preferred
His wind-swept forest's roar !

But not in vain the glorious eyes
That light your southern clime,
And brighter than your sunny skies,
Make ever summer-time !
And not in vain the kindly hearts,
That welcome those who roam—
From these with pain the stranger parts,
As from a native home.
Augusta, Geo. April, 1835.

MY OWN FAMILIAR NAME.

Oh ! call me by that name again,
My own familiar name !
To me more dear than all the vain,
Tho' honour'd sounds of fame.
Far rather from affection's tongue
Should it salute mine ear,
Than from the throats of thousands rung
Their high triumphal cheer !

It brings me back a former day,—
Oh, would I were the same !
When those who shared my happy play
Gave me no other name :—
It brings the memory of the hour,
But cannot bring to me,
The glow of sunshine and of flow'r,
The heart so light and free !

Man's cold respect I since have heard,
 Enough my heart to chill,
 But in that frank, familiar word,
 There's tone of comfort still !
 Then speak that friendly name again,
 I heard when but a boy ;
 I hear it with a pleasant pain,
 That's dearer far than joy !

My mother thus address'd her child,
 And sister ! even yet
 I hear it spoken soft and mild,
 By lips I never can forget—
 By lips now cold—whose spirit speaks
 The holiest name in Heaven—
 What were the name ~~my soul now~~ seeks,
 Were mine with thine and the forgiven !

✓
A NAMELESS STAR.

I asked a Sage with hoary hair,
With sunken cheek and hollow eye,
While watching in the midnight air,
The courses of the stars on high,

Why thus he watched the weary night
And studied thro' the live-long day?
What guerdon could he hope so bright,
For wasting thus his frame away?

He showed the volumes round him strown,
Where all the planets were enroll'd:
The comet's wandering path was shown,
And signs, and changes, all were told.

"These—these shall bring, in after time,
An ample recompence in Fame!"
I pointed in the blue sublime,
A little star—and asked its name.

"That?—'tis a small, inferior light,
 That twinkles by yon lustrous sphere;
 I know that planet large and bright,
 The other is not mention'd here."

And is it so? and has a world
 For ages rolled its radiant car,
 Night after night its flames unfurl'd,
 And is it still—A NAMELESS STAR?

Yet man, who shines one little night,
 Would hear from every lip his name,
 Dazzle the present with his light,
 And fill the future with his fame!

MEMORY.

“ Joy’s recollection is no longer joy.”

BYRON.

Like light from the free bird’s glancing plume,
Dash’d into the depths of the dungeon’s gloom,
 To the captive’s sunken eye;
Is the light departed joys can throw
To the cells of the sad heart’s secret woe,
 As they flash unbidden by !

How the glare will pain his long-dimm’d sight,
But breaking the gloom awhile to light
 What in darkness seemed less dread !
Thus memory’s glance on the cold heart falls,
And midst its ruins, the sight appals,
 With the spectres of the dead !

What is the plume of the eagle’s wing,
Tho’ it help’d him high as the skies to spring,

When to dust it once is flung?—
The withered leaf, and the broken flow'r,
And all the bloom of a by-past hour?—
They are ruin'd shapes alone!

As a spring we have sipped on a summer's day,
When we watched thro' long hours its sparkling play,
By the winter winds congealed,
Is the frozen fount in memory's cave—
Tho' dazzling still—unlike the wave—
From the lip forever sealed!

NAY, WARN ME NOT.

Nay, warn me not of 'witching eyes,
With eyes that fascinate the while;
Nor smiling, tell what danger lies
In half so dangerous a smile!
Wise warbled words! but vainly seek
Such words wild passion to control,
When ev'ry syllable they speak
Is madness to the burning soul!

Thus, haply, may the syren sing,
The dangers of her dreadful rock;
In melody too sure to bring,
The list'ning mariner to the shock!
Too late the warning words to heed,
When once within the vortex toss'd!—
Who ventures near thee—Heaven speed!
His hearing or his heart is lost!

NOTE.

That loss of hearing, ladies fair,
Must follow hearing, don't infer:
(Tho' little else to hear he'd care
Who'd listen'd for awhile to her,)
But were he deaf, I do not doubt,
His chance of heart were somewhat better—
Yet still, unless his eyes were out,
He'd have to rue the day he met her!

FRAGMENTS

OF A POEM, ENTITLED

Solitude,

But not yet did I seek to rest—
The sun was sinking in the west,
Not as he sinks in northern clime,
Wrapp'd in his cloak of clouds sublime,
But in his majesty, alone,
The sky his undivided throne!
And plunging fiercely to the sea,
That glowed with fires no less than he.
And seeming like a son of fire
Returning to his blazing sire!
Like mass from a volcano driven
Far flaming down the kindled Heaven!

* * * *

And many a form my fancy gave
 Unto the ever-changing wave.
 The sun beam o'er the white foam glancing,
 Played, as the waving line advancing,
 Seem'd like a tartar host, high prancing
 On steeds with tails and manes of snow,
 Loud snorting as they rank'd below ;
 And rearing high, at once to fall,
 To crush my castle's rock built wall !
 In other spots more wild than they,
 They roll'd like panthers in their play ;
 Or, milder still, a fairer band,
 Like maidens tripping to the strand,
 Came dancing lightly, hand in hand.

* * * *

✓ When on the Susquehanna's side,
 I roam'd a reckless venturing boy,
 I sang her scenes with patriot pride,
 My lyre was then my hope and joy.
 I had no other tho't of fame
 Than that which wreaths a poet's name ;
 And tho' my strain but little show'd
 The fervour in my heart that glow'd,
 That *felt* at least a Poet's flame.

And tho' my harp no longer breath'd
 The melody it used, when wreath'd
 By boyhood's flower-gathering fingers,
 An echo o'er it still their lingers.
 The cloud that wreaths the setting sun
 Is crimson'd when his light is done ;
 The heart that once was fired with song
 Retains its setting flushes long !
 A playful fancy, still, her nest
 Built in her wither'd bower, my breast,
 And thence she sprung, on airy wing,
 For home so dark, how bright a thing !
 She watch'd the changes nature gave,
 A wreathing cloud—a curling wave,
 A waving shrub—a drooping flow'r,—
 Thus musing many a pensive hour,
 She found in ev'ry changing mood,
 To life and fate, similitude.
 It may be, tho' these fancies pleased,
 They with an after-aching teased.

Feeling, with microscopic eye,
 Can hidden beauty, bliss descry ;
 In nature's every charm can show
 Beauties the world can never know ;

Array the lightest fluttering hope
 In hues prismatic, that may cope
 With all the splendours of the bow,
 Or tints that in the sunset glow ;
 Pourtray its wings as bright as they
 That round the rose's bosom play :*
 But to the weakest grief a sting
 Of serpent's venom it may bring ;
 And give to being's daily seen,
 The direst monster's hideous mien !
 The sky enrobed in spotless blue,
 That has no varying clouds to view ;
 Tho' not at sun-set's glorious hour
 It boasts such soul-enrapturing pow'r ;
 Is free forever from the war
 Attending on the cloudy car,
 When dash'd by steeds of thunder by,
 Whose hoofs of lightning strike the sky !

* * * *

The mind that knows not fancy's sway,
 May lose full many a vain display ;
 But oh ! from many a pang 'tis freed,
 And many a searing else decreed !

* The Humming-Bird.

Sometimes I'd sit upon the beach,
 Within the slightest billow's reach,
 And with my finger idly trace
 Names that within my heart had place.
 Or for a moment cheat my woe
 By tracing it in measured flow,—
 In fiction's garb—and then the swell
 Of the high wave upon it fell—
 The beach was blank as 'twas before,
 And not a letter on the shore!
 With bitter smile I thought that I
 Should have all record thus swept by—
 Thus friends be wash'd from time away,
 Thus lonely I on life's shore stray;
 But, would the woes within my heart,
 With time's wild wave as soon depart?

* * * *

With wild delight my spirit laugh'd
 If o'er my head a cloud should fly;
 For every cloud had wings to waft
 My spirit to its native sky!
 Hovering upon its sable wing,
 Revelling aloft a joyous thing!

* * * *

✓ One morning came a dreadful storm,

'Twas like the storms I used to see,

I hail'd it as a well-known form,

A friend, tho' rude, how dear to me!

I listened to his well known voice,

It bade my echoing heart rejoice ;

His eye look'd down—as bright as e'er,—

I hail'd it with delightful fear !

To dull despair now long consign'd,

So low had sunk my sleeping mind ;

The tempest's voice alone could call

My spirit from oblivion's thrall.

I gladdened at destructions tone ;

I joy'd to see the lightnings thrown—

They ne'er were dash'd with fiercer hand ;

As tho' to sink this spot of land—

This rock-moor'd ship into the sea—

O ! *that* were joyous liberty !

I would not fearful, trembling wait,

Nor even coldly, for such fate,

But bound like wave upon the rock,

Like charger to the battle's shock.

Swift to the topmost cliff I sped,

And while the rain beat on my head,

With bosom bared I met the storm—
 My heart more wild and far less warm!
 The thunder bellow'd thro' the sky,
 The lightning flash'd incessant by!
 The clouds that canopied the heaven,
 Seem'd by the dreadful uproar riven—
 And thro' the transient chasm show'd
 The glory that behind them glow'd,
 As tho' the God of storms were there:
 And his attending angels were
 Enrobed in drapery of night,
 And arm'd with lightnings for the fight!

Upon the rock I sate, and hoped
 Some fatal arrow, error-sloped,
 Might glance from off its cloudy targe
 And free my spirit of its charge.
 I thought indeed that thus my soul
 Would speedier find its wish'd-for goal;
 Loos'd in the mid'st of storms, it might
 Take to itself the shaft of light,
 For it a bright etherial wing,
 At once to realms of light to spring!
 Vain was the wish!—the flash went by,
 Tho' splintering sharply oft so nigh,

It seem'd that death waved near his wing,
 But his cold shadow would not fling
 Upon the burning heart, that sought
 The sheltering canopy he brought!

* * * * *

My feelings words can never show,
 (If feelings are where all is woe;
 If music from the harp has spoken,
 When all its chords have long been broken,
 As some rude crash has shocked the frame;) -
 Streaking my cloud-robed heart with flame,
 Lighting each ruin long laid there,
 Unseen in darkness of despair.
 But those have been, who in a trance
 Have seem'd unto a mortal's glance—
 So breathless, cold and pale they laid—
 As sleeping with the sleeping dead;
 And while the soul has waved her wings
 In high ethereal wanderings,
 The friends that wept the once-loved form
 With life and love no longer warm,
 Its clayey cabin have bestow'd
 Within its narrow cold abode.

The soul returning then has found
Her temple prostrate 'neath the ground ;
Yet has she claimed her temple there,
Kindling its shrines with vital air.
When their chain'd blood was first unthrall'd,
And thro' the veins like cold worms crawl'd ;
When ope'd their eyes no light to see ;
When moved their hands no longer free ;
When burst the winding-sheet that bound ;
When felt the marble cold around ;
When press'd the brow with damp dew cold ;
When spoke the voice, and the long dead
Have echoed back the tone of dread,
How have they felt ?—has language told ?

✓
TO A LADY

ABOUT TO SIT FOR HER PORTRAIT.

Oh! do not mock the pencil's power,
Nor bid the artist feebly trace
An image of ethereal grace,
A shade of thy celestial face,
Still varying—lovelier every hour!

Deep in the holy haunted cell
Of poet's thought, and painter's mind;
Beings that leave the day behind,
From vulgar gaze forever shrined,
In soft mysterious twilight dwell.

Their beauties language fails to catch!
Their forms that float like clouds in heaven,
Or play like waves in rays of even,
O'er pebbly shores by breezes driven,
No pencill'd hues, nor shapes can match.

But thou whose look has loftier beam,
 Whose lips seem warbling in repose !
 Thy form with softer movement flows,
 With more seraphic radiance glows,
 Than those that bless the poet's dream !

Thou with bright beings of the mind
 Must pass away ; perplex'd and grieved,
 The thought half deems the sense deceived
 By things unreal—yet believed,
 Too beautiful to be defined !

Yet, no ; though painting dimly show—
 As misty mirror, charms like thine,
 'Twill bear an image more divine
 Than brightest forms that round us shine
 In pride of living beauty's glow !

Then bid the pencil's art endeavor
 To fix the evanescent ray,
 That loves upon thy face to play—
 Reflection of a lovelier day,
 That lost with thee, were lost forever !

To Sully's touch alone 'tis given,
Sweet visitant from brighter spheres!
To place thy charms for future years,
Beyond the blight of time and tears,
To lift to hopes with looks of heaven !

I LOVE YOU FLOWERS.

I love you flow'r's, I love you flow'r's,
 You sweetly breathe to me
The fragrance of deserted bow'r's
 I never more may see ;
I love you flow'r's, I love you flow'r's,
 For oh ! my heart perceives,
The colour of its happiest hours
 Reflected on your leaves.

I love you flow'r's, I love you flow'r's,
 Thus falling to decay—
Too like that cherished one of ours
 Already past away.
Your fragrance and your beauty give
 Fit emblems of her bloom ;
Alas ! the moment that you live
 Is transient as her doom !

✓ TO MARION,

WHO FORBODED A DECAY OF FEELING.

May spring again her glories show'r
Profusely on the laughing earth,
And I not feel for field or flow'r
A genial sympathy of mirth.

Shall all the grove its gladness pour,
The skies in all their splendour blaze,
And I exult to hear no more,
Nor longer kindle as I gaze!

And, Marion, may thy radiant form
Float gracefully before my view,
And I not feel my bosom warm,
And worship then, as now I do?

No, no! when yonder sun shall roll
At noon above a darkening sphere,

Thy smile may cease to light my soul,
And light and life no more be dear !

Thy smile will fade, thou dar'st to say,
And e'en thine eye no more be bright—
Oh ! long before that dismal day,
Death ! darken all my days in night !

Hush'd be the heart that will not leap
When Marion's angel-step is nigh,
And closed those eyes in endless sleep
That see not joy in earth and sky !

✓ THE FOUNTAIN.

LINES WRITTEN UPON SEEING THE PICTURE OF A CHILD
DRINKING FROM THE HANDS OF A GIRL NEAR A
FOUNTAIN.

Drink, from the hands of that beautiful girl,—
Drink! for the draught is liquid pearl!

Yet little thou reck'st, light-hearted boy,
Of the rosy fingers and delicate palm,
Though sparkling for thee with diamond balm—
The water is cool—'tis enough of joy!

Drink! let the stream refresh thy heart!
Thou wilt soon from the fountain-side depart,
And of many a sweeter draught to sip;
Yet many a time thy unslaked soul
Will long, when beside the brightest bowl,
For the fountain's freshness on thy lip.

'Twere well if the parched lip were worst!
But thy soul itself shall be athirst:—

Ambition shall hold her goblet nigh,
 And the splendid cup of Wealth shall pass,
 And Pleasure present her sparkling glass,
 With its thousand hues to charm thine eye.

But oft, on the waste of future years,
 Thou shalt mingle thy proudest cup with tears,
 And would dash it gladly on the sands,
 To taste again of the perfect joy,
 That flowed to the heart of the innocent boy,
 Who drank by the fount from the maiden's hands.

Then drink to-day—for each after cup
 Must with poison and dust be clouded up—
 Yet, haply, again ere life be o'er,
 Thou wilt find a fount in the quiet wild,
 And drink with the spirit of a child,
 From an angel's hands, calm joy once more.

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

Oh! I have heard that song before,
In earlier, happier hours,
When all the paths of morning wore
Their garlanding of flow'rs—
I heard it sung beside the stream,
Where early childhood past,
Fit music for its fairy-dream—
Too lovely, far, to last.

The lips that warbled o'er that strain
Were beautiful as thine—
Alas! they ne'er may breathe again
Their melody divine—
Then pardon, if I do not smile,
As once in happier years;
Thy voice itself can but beguile
A wanderer of his tears.

✓ SUSQUEHANNA.

Would'st thou mark the Susquehanna's course,
When 'tis boldest and best to see?
Then come, when it swells from its mountain source,
And foams in its furious glee,
And bounds away, like a wild war horse,
In its strength exulting free!
When it sweeps, with the wealth of its farthest shore,
So rapidly to the deep;
Or rests awhile, 'neath the glancing oar,
In the hills' dark shade to sleep;
Or its lillied surface lingers more
Where its island birch trees weep.

O come to the Susquehanna's shades
Ere the balmy spring goes by!
Ere the poplar's tulip garden fades
From its breezy bed on high;
While the sycamore, with the dark elm, aids
The locust to charm the eye!

Then the breath of the clover perfumes the vale,
And the wild grape scents the breeze,
And the elder blossom sweetens the gale,
And the bright birds in the trees,
With their wild wood melody, cannot fail
The rudest heart to please !

Thou should'st come to the Susquehanna's hills
Ere her laurels lose their glow ;
While their fragrant breath the valley fills,
Which they mantle with roscate snow ;
Where the rock its crystal stream distils,
On the moss and the fern below.
Thou should'st climb the cliffs to their proudest peak,
And glance o'er the river fair,
Or the loftiest hill's steep summit seek,
And spread in the summer air,
See forest and field and spire—then speak—
Does the world look lovely there ?

LINES

WRITTEN IN A BOOK, BELONGING TO A YOUNG LADY
WHOM THE WRITER HAD NOT SEEN SINCE HER
CHILDHOOD.

I pass'd one gorgeous evening,
As day began to pale—
But once I pass'd—a quiet lake
Within a lonely vale.

Its shores were fringed with willows,
And many a flower was seen
Above the placid mirror,
That show'd the sky's serene ;

How often since I left it,
That quiet little lake,
Has heard the storm above it,
In peals of thunder break ;

The summer flower has left it,
Its willows lost their glow,
And in ice has winter bound it,
And imprison'd it in snow.

But through the changing seasons—
In bright or cloudy day—
I see thee, lake of summer !
By the evening's softest ray.

And once in gladdest boyhood,
I knew a careless child,
With rosy cheek, and eye, and heart,
How joyous and how wild !

How often since that moment,
Her voice has rung with glee,
How brighten'd is her beauty,
May not be sung by me :

In sunshine or in shadow,
Her pathway may have past ;
I see her only with the step,
She bounded by me last.

STANZAS.

TO —

I thank thee, fair spirit—those soft eyes awaken,
Lost hours when my heart was as tranquil as thine,
And feelings I feared had forever forsaken,
Revisit this world-wearied bosom of mine.

As the boy long bewilder'd, and toss'd on the ocean,
First hails thro' the clouds, the unwavering star,
So gladly, I welcome my earliest devotion,
And am not yet lost—tho' I've wandered afar.

I fain would believe that those thoughts have not perished

Which once were regarded with tenderest care,
But alas, long neglected, they need to be cherished,
Refreshed from the fountain and raised to the air.

My heart by the hands of the skilless long stricken,
Has been but a tuneless and harsh sounding lyre
But I feel how the touch of the master can quicken,
And thrill thro' the chords like electrical fire.

Oh tune but that lyre—it shall ne'er be neglected,
But hallowed, still breathe of thy exquisite strain :—
Oh touch but those flowr's—none thy care has protected,
A hand that's unworthy again shall profane.

THE WATERFOWL.

I saw on the breast of a beautiful river,
That reflected the green of the hill—
While scarce to the sunbeam it gave a slight quiver,
For the breath of the morning was still—
A bird, with a breast, than the drifted snow whiter,
Serenely and silently glide;
And give to the waters an image still brighter—
Seeming Peace upon Pleasure's fair tide.
Still on, like the Solitude's spirit it glided,
Till a stranger intruding too near,
Uprising, its wings the light ether divided,
Far away from all shadow of fear!
Oh, happy the soul that reposes so lightly,
On the bosom of temporal things;
At danger's approach, it can soar away brightly,
Above on ethereal wings.

FOREBODINGS.

Fairest! I fear that years of vain regret,
For these neglected hours are stored for me—
When I shall deeply mourn that e'er I met
Or having met—could ever part from thee!

When I shall wander far in other climes
And gaze on eyes almost as bright as thine,
And hear sweet voices—that shall bring these times—
But not their freshness—to this heart of mine:—

Too late awaking, to perceive that dreams
Were all the proud realities I sought,
And all too real what my spirit deems
Now weigh'd with them, too frivolous for thought.

How humbled then, in bitterness of heart,
For one sweet hour like this, would I forego
The range of nature, and the love of art,
All wealth can give or fame herself bestow.

When gasping faint, where mighty minds respired,
Falt'ring, where genius once triumphant trode—
The dust still hallowed and the air yet fired,
As round their god-like visitants it glowed—

How shall my long-desponding heart despair,
And turn from trophies that can ne'er be mine ;
And when thy life it is too late to share,
Long for the quiet of a grave near thine.

TO THE SNOW-BIRD.

Thou wast not here amid the bloom
Of summer's gay rejoicing hours,
But visitest the quiet gloom
Of these deserted dreary bowr's ;
Where wither'd leaves are flying
And faded flow'rs lie dying :—
Yet welcomer, sweet, silent bird,
Thou comest to the sad-hearted,
Than all of those departed,
Whose songs of joy were lately heard.

And welcome thus, when life's bright glare
Of summer splendour all is past,
And autumn comes with withering care,
And winter gathers round us fast ;
When Pleasure ceases smiling,
And Hope her songs beguiling,
And fierce Ambition's fires are dead,
Will come, serene and holy,
A joy tho' meek and lowly,
To charm when all their charms are fled,

✓ A SCENE REVISITED.

I linger in this lonely glen
Where, Mary, last I paused with thee ;
I see the spot I worshipp'd then,
Why seems it not so bright to me ?
The blossom breathes as sweet perfume,
The black-bird now as blythely sings,
The wildrose bears as bright a bloom,
As free the glittering torrent springs.

Thy voice was sweeter than the bird,
Which warbles wildly in the tree,
And must its melody be heard
When we no more may list to thee ?
Thy cheek was brighter than the rose
Which spring and summer yet may bloom,
And shall we mark its leaves unclosed
While thine are folded in the tomb !

The torrent with a freer leap
 Than thine sprang not upon its track,
 Unfetter'd this its course will keep—
 But what will bring thy footsteps back?
 Yet bounding form of sylph-like grace,
 A laugh how musically wild!
 And angel-intellect of face—
 Seraphic yet serenely mild: —

All these entranced me, Mary, when
 As being of a brighter birth,
 Thy presence gave this lovely glen
 The glow of Heaven upon the earth.
 As bright to all the world but me,
 Will still be this romantic spot;
 But how can all its beauty be,
 When, sweetest Mary, thou art not.

✓ ANGEL VISITS.

Not in the lighted halls of social mirth,
Not 'mid the splendours of rejoicing day,
But in the sweetest solitudes of earth,
And the cool quiet of the evening's ray.

Thou comest to me, sweet spirit! like the dew
Descending softly on the fainting flower,
With heav'n-refreshing influence to renew
The withered feelings of a holier hour:—

Then, all forgetful of a sordid race,
And from my baser self awhile set free,
The paths of purest pleasure I retrace,
And wander by an angel's side—with thee.

If I forget thee in the haunts of men,
Forget myself, my being's great design,
In the cool hours return to me again,
And lead me gently to that world of thine.

LOST HOURS.

Oh! what shall recompense for years
Forever lost ere thou wast known?—
For long-contending hopes and fears,
A life of weariness alone.——

A captive slave in dungeon-night
I lay till I was found by thee;
Thy look first blest my soul with light,
Thy voice first warbled liberty!

Life was not life 'till thou did'st give
A charm to all the chains I wore,
And taught me then the hope to live,
Whose only hope was death before!

Like one who walks with soul a-thirst,
At noon o'er Afric's burning waste,
Unconscious, near the fountain-burst
Whose freshness he would die to taste.

I pass'd thee long, unheeding by,
Nor knew till late 'twas only thee
Could life for lingering death supply,
And make it rapture but to be !

LINES

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

How gladly would we oft recall,
Breath that has pass'd in idle words,
Escaped like unimprison'd birds,
We never can again enthrall!
And fewer still the lines we pen
We do not wish untraced again;
For let us write our rhymes in air,
Or trace our follies any where—
In water, in the streamlet flowing,—
In sand, upon the desert blowing,—
'Till all our pride in them is past,
And shame has come, at least, they last!

Yet never did my pencil trace
Lines which thy smile has deigned to grace,
Tho' worthless else—I would efface;

And could my written words secure
Good wishes, while themselves endure,
Deep carved in brass the wish should be,
For all of good and joy to thee.

✓ STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY THE CONJUNCTION OF TWO BRILLIANT
PLANETS.

Mark, Marion, yonder glorious star
That blazes in the western sky,
And then that rival orb, afar,
That claims no less the admiring eye;

But late, twin children of the night,
They walk'd in beauty, side by side,
Out-dazzling every other light,
Themselves the firmamental pride !

For years in their empyreal race
Their paths approached—an hour were one—
Then crossed—and thro' the fields of space
Must ever further widening run :—

Full well we know who, like to they,
More near and dear for years became,
Whose steps have parted, and who may
No longer know a path the same.

TO A MINIATURE,

THE CASE OF WHICH HAD BEEN DINTED BY THE POINT OF A
DAGGER.

Faint image of the fairest face !

Worn nearest to thy lover's heart,
'Twas thine to guard thy resting place,
And glance aside the assassin's dart :—

Thy truer image, life of life !

Has thus preserved a changeless faith
Thro' many a scene of calm and strife,
And dangers deadlier far than death.—

For what could touch with mortal harm,
The heart that wore thee as its charm !

SONG.

Far I wander, maiden, yet
Be it ne'er so far,
Never shall my heart forget
Thee and thy guitar.
Was the ear delighted most
By that voice of thine,
Or the eye by all the boast,
Of thy charms divine ?
If we listen'd to thy strain,
Eyes refused to see,
And to hear it was in vain,
If we look'd at thee !

On the sunny hills of Spain,
In Italia's climes,
Still shall music's sweetest strain
Bring me back the times,

When thy voice within my heart
Such an echo found,
It has now become a part
Of all lovely sound!
Far I wander, maiden, yet
Be it ne'er so far,
I'll remember and regret,
Thee and thy guitar.

LOVE'S OLD DREAM.

Methought I saw thee in my dream, last night,

Dream of my soul thro' each and ev'ry day !

But sadness rested on that brow of light,

And veiled the radiance of its glancing ray :

And while thy cheek upon thy hand declined,

I gazed intently in thy pensive eye,

And thro' its bright transparence, in thy mind,

(As we may see the pebbles where they lie

In the clear chrystal of the brook enshrined,)

Distinctly mark'd its momentary theme—

Forgive me, fairest! if in sleep I dare

Dream what the morn must ever prove a dream !

Thy thoughts were far with one—oh, would he were

More worthy of thy thought, or thou less worthy of
his care !

✓ BALLAD STANZAS.

“ Oh, whither will it lead us, love—

 The path thro’ this sequester’d shade?”

The day was bright,—and mild above,—

 The breeze thro’ waving branches played,—

And on we walked, still sure to choose

 The loveliest path, when pathway cross’d,—

Tho’ that appeared too plain to lose,

 This was too lovely to be lost!

“ Oh! swiftly sinks the summer sun—

 Where will our devious wanderings lead?”

But Henry’s path and mine were one,

 Its course how little did I heed!

Sweet sang the birds—the evening calm

 O’er fragrant flow’rs soft-breathing stole—

But Henry’s lips had richer balm

 And dearer music to my soul!

Night darken'd on our lonely path—

The shade of woods no more was dear—

And storms came down with dreadful wrath

Yet what were they—with Henry near !

“Oh, haste, return !”—I wildly cried—

To this has our sweet wandering led !”

But where was Henry ?—from my side

Oh, was he lost, like me—or fled !

✓ SONNET

TO A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE HEAD, BY GUIDO.

Was't thou a being of our earth-born race,
Or but descended from some radiant sphere,
When Guido saw the seraph in thy face,
And gave thee to the world, unchanging, here ?
If thou wast mortal—and they say thy lot
Was one of sorrow in this sorrowing spot—
His touch translated thee, and thou was't caught
Up to the Heav'n of Genius—in the glow
Of thy celestial beauty :—with the thought
Of angels throned upon thy tranquil brow,
And woman's tenderness within thine eyes—
All sorrow pitying, but all pain above—
We claim for earth, yet know thee of the skies,
And while we worship can but dare to love !

WHAT IS IT TO DIE?

Say, what is it to die? Oh, die we never

Before Death strikes us down unto the tomb?

The easiest death we meet, is when forever

We leave life's darkness for the softer gloom

Of that earth-walled, grass-draped little room,

Where sorrow comes not; where we ne'er can know
Again, life's life devoted to the doom

Of death—thro' slander or neglect—the blow

Of others' death—the death of our heart's hope below

WHERE IS HE, EARTH ?

Where is he, earth ?—for he once gaily prest,
Life in his footsteps, upon thy green breast;
Trode thro' thy vallies and looked down on thee—
Earth, for thou knew'st him, oh, where can he be ?
“ Coldly lies on him the turf that he spurn'd,
Child of my breast to my bosom return'd.”

Sun ! in the bright sky, he once turned to thee
Eye like the eagle's, exulting and free,
Felt thy glad splendour his whole bosom thrill
“ Eye of the Universe,” see'st thou him still ?
“ Bright is my glance as it ever was thrown,
Shining tho', now, on his cold turf alone.”

Air which he breathed, life-inspiring air !
Where is his light heart, so like thee, oh where ?
Swceping along by his path thro' the grove,
Once did he love thee—oh yet can he love ?
“ Once from his forehead I waved the dark hair,
Now near his green grave I lift the grass there.”

River, that flows with the far-flashing wave,
Once in thy bright stream it pleased him to lave ;
Waves, where he once so delighted to swim,
Say, watery wanderers, know ye of him ?
“Waves which he bathed in, have gone to the sea,
Those must thou ask of—we, following flee.”

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee, I think of thee

When in the east the day-spring gushes,
For still thy presence is to me
As to the night the morning's blushes.

I think of thee, I think of thee,

When western skies are faintly shining,
And in the fading tints, I see
My life, without thy smile, declining.

I think of thee, I think of thee,

Awake—asleep—upon my pillow;
And gently glides thy soul to me,
As moonlight o'er the quiet billow.

I think of thee, I think of thee

At morn, at noon, at night and even' ;—
Life is alone enjoyed by me
As one long thought to thee that's given.

WHAT IS OUR GRIEF TO THEE?

“ Go forth, and like her be free !
With thy radiant wing and thy glancing eye,
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,
And what is our grief to thee ?”

MRS. HEMANS.

It is not alone the bird
That will carol its careless notes on high,
In the light of liberty flashing by,
While our sighs are all unheard :

But all Nature's glorious train,
Will be brilliant, as ever, as fresh and free,
Will rejoice and exult, tho' not for thee,
To whom they can add but pain !

The spirit of the breeze,
Will as lightly skim by the river side,
And will kiss the flow'rs in their summer pride,
Tho' thee they should fail to please.

The heaven will be as blue,
 And as cloudless shine o'er the noon-day bow'r,
 Will as glorious glow with the sun-set hour,
 As when it was joy to view.

As bright will be the bloom
 Of the flower that breathes in the shady wood,
 And as sweet to others that solitude,
 Tho' to thee its shade is gloom!

The calm and the troubled wave,
 Will alike be borne to the distant deep,
 And so rapidly time, tho' we smile or weep,
 Is bearing us to the grave!

Nor alone the outward form,
 Of a beautiful world unchanged shall be;
 Whatever the chill it may cast on thee,
 Man's heart shall be less warm!

For his laugh as loud shall swell,
 And as merry the dance shall still go round
 And its music have just as mirthful sound,
 When it mingles with thy knell!

OH, LET ME GAZE !*

Oh ! let me gaze, for I forget

When I behold those heav'nly eyes,
That I am but a mortal yet,

And thou art absent from the skies !
The radiance of a dreamed-of world
Plays softly o'er thy face benign,
And glories but to sleep unfurled,
Serenely on thy features shine !

Oh ! sing again ! for earth is past
Its jarring notes unheeded roll,
Its cares are at all distance east,
And rapture, only, breathes the soul !
What tho' the past in sadness lower,
What tho' the future darker be ?
Nor past nor future now have power,
There is but Heaven in hearing thee .

* This may have been suggested by a Song, "Oh gaze on me, for I Forget."

WE MET.

We met—we never met before,
And yet thine eyes were known to me!
And often mine have rambled o'er
Charms that belong, alone, to thee.

It was not in my native clime
I could have met thy fairy form,
For thou hast grown, since childhood's time
Among thy flowering vallies warm.

Oh! was it in a land of dreams
I wandered with a nymph like thee—
The fairest—where ambrosial streams,
O'er sapphires rolling, sparkle free?

Or, was it in some former sphere,
Long since, my journeying spirit met
Those beauties, that to venture near
Is, never—never to forget!

In some sweet planet—long forgot,

I loved thee well—I dare engage!

And in some other star, a spot

We'll find for love—some future age!

✓ A VISION.

Oh! lovelier than the lovliest frame,
That ever met my waking sight,
Was that which to my pillow came,
And blessed my dreams of yester-night!

The billow's undulating swell,
The wind-swept willow's wavy grace,
Her harmony of step may tell,
Her soft and airy motion trace;

Her eye was brighter than the star,
That haply on my slumber shone;
And than the nightingale, by far,
She warbled in a sweeter tone!

E'en now her voice in softness falls—
Why—bless my ears! *can* that be Katy?
“Get up—get up!”—again she calls—
These MORNING CALLS—from GIRLS OF EIGHTY!!

TO A MAJESTIC TREE.

Tall tree! thou hast given a pleasant shade,
For many a warm and weary hour,
To the lowly roof of the cottage bow'r,
And oft, at eve, thou hast whisper'd o'er
The laborer resting before his door;—
Now, cottage and laborer, low are laid;
And yet thou dost not fade!

Oh! many an eve, o'er the smooth green plain,
Have the cottage-maid and the village-boy
Danced, with the airy steps of joy,
And thy leafy limbs have o'er them swung
As their song, or louder laughter, rung;—
No trace of the revel or song remain—
Thy leaves will dance again.

Lofty and lonely thou meet'st the sky!
A shelter and shade and mark from far,
To the traveller like a landward star,

Leading him on, in his pathless way,
 Sheltering him oft on the stormy day :
 The travellers rest that have passed thee by—
 Thou standest, still, on high !

How long hast thou stood, majestic tree ?
 Was it here the forest-chieftains brave
 'The laws of their nation made and gave ?
 Long did they flourish ?—far did they spread ?—
 Where are those tribes, or the chiefs who led ?
 They have vanished—and left only thee,
 Their memorial to be.

Thou risest in might, like a mastering mind,
 And thy presence throws solitude round !
 'Tow'r on !—few things and few minds are found
 To spring so high, or to stand so strong ;
 To spread so wide or remain so long !—
 Many unnumbered, to dust consign'd,
 Will still leave thee behind !

OUR FATHERS' FAME.

What song rings out from the sunny vale
What note from the harvest field?
Its chorus aloud the reapers hail,
And more blithely the sickle wield!
'Tis a song of Columbia's early day,
When her sons to battle came;
And their harvest swept with the sword away—
'Tis a song of our fathers' fame!

Away, in the depths of the western wood,
Where the axe has never rung;
Where the Indians' step is marked in blood—
Where the wild-cat guards her young—
The hunters rest in the midnight vale
By their fagots' feeble flame;
The wolf may howl—they but hear the tale
Of our fearless fathers' fame!

Night on the ocean !—the storm sweeps high !

But the storm may whistle shrill—

For the star-set banner still shall fly—

It has waved amid fiercer still !

There's a band of valiant hearts below

That no tempest e'er can tame,

That warmer amid the storm will glow

At their dauntless fathers' fame !

Where the mountain's top in the sun-light glows,

By the shadowy valley's springs ;

Wherever the wind of Heaven blows—

Where the wildest wave it flings ;—

In the splendid city's lighted hall,

By the cot's more humble flame ;

As oft as the shades of evening fall

Shall be heard our fathers' fame !

I COULD HAVE BORNE.

I could have borne to hear thee sigh,
To see the tear upon thy check,
The heart's bright tell-tale in thine eye,
Of softer griefs would seem to speak ;
And I had tho't thine icy wocs
Might melt themselves in tears away ;
As streams, at winter midnight froze,
Will trickle at return of day.

That frequent sigh—that wandering glance—
That sudden start—that anguished brow,
Told thou was't held in sorrow's trance,
Spoke much of grief—but not 'till now—
Not till thy sorrow-cheating smile
I saw, could I know half thy grief;—
That told me it was false the while,
As tint of Autumn's wither'd leaf.

Since, then, thy smile but tells me more,

Thy griefs than all thy tears could do,

Let sorrow's aspect shade them o'er,

But bring not smiles to prove them true :

For clouds and show'rs at night, obscure

The desolation of the storm ;

But oh ! the lightning shows us sure

The landscape's tempest-ruin'd form !

✓ SONNET.

Thy locks float darkly round that brow of snow—
Like clouds across the silver orb of night—
Dark drapery to a throne of peace and light!
Thine eye-lids fair depending, droop as though
The weight of their long lashes weigh'd them so:—
The eye beneath, how exquisitely bright!
Gentle and soft, but thoughtful, as its sight
(Spark of divinity that seem'd to glow)
Read in its kindling glance Eternity!
And from thy lips, all silent as they are,
There breathes a tone of warbling ecstasy,—
Who gazes, fears their parting, lest the jar
Of mortal accents might the melody
Of this soul-felt, dream-whispered music mar!

FANCIES.

As the beam of the morning comes over the flower,
It displays the lost beauty of night's lonely hour,
But it brightens the dew-drop to take it away,
And the flower withers soon in the life-giving ray!

As the humming-bird comes to the opening bloom—
A little winged rainbow—to skies of perfume!
For a moment he brightens the jessamine bower,
And is gone with the fragrance and sweets of the flow'r!

So the fancies that play round the poor minstrel's heart
For a moment may dazzle, too soon to depart;
And departing, with joy and with light they forsake,—
Its brightness and beauty and fragrance they take!

ON PRESENTING A ROSE.

For thee I placed beneath my vest
This rose that with the morning blush'd :
Too closely to my bosom press'd,
Behold it—drooping—faded—crush'd !
Ah ! Heaven forbid ! thou fairer flow'r—
Thy fate in this should imaged be,
To wither in an evil hour
Upon the breast would shelter thee !

No, no, these wither'd rose-leaves give
An emblem of my heart, more true,—
Whose swelling hopes have ceased to live—
And paled long since its sanguine hue !
Then dash away the drooping thing,
Whose bud nor bloom we more may see ;—
And this crush'd heart far from thee fling—
For both are all unworthy thee !

In vain! in vain thy tender care
Its broken beauty to restore,
The cheering sun, the balmy air,
The dews—can charm to life no more!
Then can thy smile its life impart—
Thy voice, still charm of life were fled?—
Thy tears—I feel them! drooping heart,
Awake, or thou indeed art dead!—

IMPERTINENCE.

Spirit--"What would'st thou with me?"

Manfred--To gaze upon thy beauty!

Nothing further —

MANFRED.

Now don't be so fidgetty, Betty,
Because I thus gaze on your face!—
You're acknowledged to be very pretty,
And a girl of remarkable grace:—
But, beauty, I fear you have heard this so often,
Your resentment, a moment, it now will not soften!

The heavens themselves permit gazing
Upon their most beautiful star,
And thus on thy splendour amazing
I look with mute reverence afar:—
To know of such beauty, nor see it too flat is,
I'd rather be blind as a mole or a bat is!

I would not thy brow should be knitted

With a frown like a pricstess of old,
For its languishing light is not fitted

For those high "solemn temples" so cold—
Sublimity—dignity !—don't be so simple,
But smile, for thy cheek has so pretty a dimple !

Nay, toss not thy head so disdaining !

Nor curl thy proud, quivering lip,—
That soft snowy neck, 'tis but straining,

Thy scorn I don't value a fip !—
But look for a while, now, a little less queenly,
And I shall gaze on thee more glad and serenely !

Let others surround thee to flatter,

They're welcome to press near thee still ;
Contented I'll see how they chatter,

So I can look on thee at will—
For thy lips look so pretty in motion,
That their sound can't be more to my notion.

If others should stare on thy beauty,

With gaping and ignorant eyes ;
Just teach the rude caitiffs their duty,
With a flash, like the light of the skies !—

And if that does not quell with mute wonder,
Just favour their ears with some thunder !

But for me, I'm a licensed admirer

Of all that in nature is fair—

And no lady need think I would fire her,

Because I may happen to stare ;

For nature, who gave me a love of all beauty,
Made using my eyes, not a right, but a duty !

There, beautiful statue!—forever,

Oh! could'st thou look lovely as now,

With a sunshining light, as if never

Had pass'd a slight shade o'er thy brow—

I'd like to embalm thee, fair saint, in the inner-

Most shrine of the heart of thy worshipping sinner !

THE EARLY DEAD.

Blest the dead, the early dead !
Tears for them shall not be shed :—
Mercy gives a gentle doom,
Leads them to the sheltering tomb,
While the sky of life is bright,
Ere the coming on of night ;
Those that linger long shall know
Storm and darkness, cold and snow ;
But secure in peaceful rest,
Lie the early dead—the blest !

From the spring-time bow'rs they fled,
Ere one glossy leaf was dead ;
While the bee was on the flow'r,
While the bird sang in the bow'r ;
Fragrance floating all around,
Mingled with delicious sound :—
We shall know them melt away,
They shall mourn not their decay ;

Birds shall sing, and roses bloom
O'er the early, envied tomb!

Gone! with bouyant hearts and young
But, to tones of rapture strung!
Ere the jarring notes of care
Mingled discord with despair—
They shall feel no pow'rs decline,
See not strength nor beauty pine;
Know not friends to death depart;
Never mourn for treachery's smart—
Happy dead!—escaped from pain;
All must feel who yet remain!

Better than the best of life
Is a respite from its strife—
Those that live shall sigh for death,
Draw in pain their lingering breath;
But no pang shall ever grieve
Sleep of yours—too sweet to leave!
When the 'life of life' is o'er,
Life has only death in store—
Joy for those, and triumph high,
Blessed dead, who early die!

ODE

TO THE EAGLE.

Ere the morning opes her eye—
Ere the stars have left the sky,—
While the mist is on the hill,
And the lonely vale is still—
Thy wing in heaven gleams—another star!
Brushing, from the spangled dome,
All the dusky clouds that come
While the sun is far away—
And before he brings us day,
Thine eye can mark his coming from afar;—
And be bathing in his light—
While the world is wrapp'd in night!

Monarch of the piercing eye!
That gazes at the sun,
From where he mounts the eastern sky,
Until his race is run;

When the sky is bright and fair,
 And thou art lost in air,
 Thine eye can mark the things of earth—
 Unseen by aught of mortal birth!

Rider of the sable cloud!

When the lightning spreads its wing;
 When the thunder calls aloud,
 And the tempests rudely sing,
 Thou art mingling in the storm,
 Or thy lightning-glancing form
 Is borne above the scene of strife,
 In the blue sky's peaceful life,
 And the sun-beams gild thy plume—
 While the earth's o'er-frown'd with gloom!

Dweller of the castled erag!

When the din of battle roars,
 When the warrior rears the flag,
 When the cannon ruin pours—
 Then thy voice is on the gale—
 And the foeman's heart will quail,
 As from out thy sulph'ry shroud
 Its triumph rings aloud—
 Like the dismal voice of hate,
 Or the awful call of fate,

He shall trembling start, with fear,
 As thy death-note meets his ear,
 And with curdling heart will think
 That thy beak his blood shall drink—
 And thy talons rend the frame
 That here invader came !

But the freeman's glad'ning eye
 Shall behold thee soar on high,
 And his shout shall rend the sky,
 As he sees his own bird there,
 In the clear and cloudless air,
 With a pinion bold and free,
 Waving on—like Liberty !

Waving on—and still to wave !
 From the mountains to the sea ;
 O'er the battles of the brave,
 O'er the councils of the free !
 In thy heaven-favoured home,
 In the cottage and the dome,
 May thy sun-enkindled eye
 Nought but happiness espy ;
 And by forest, and by river,
 Freedom ! now and ever !

✓ SONG.

When e'er I think how brief the time
Ere I must hasten far from thee,
No more, perhaps, thy sunny clime,
No more thy sunnier eyes to see !

I almost wish my colder home
Had fetter'd still my wand'ring feet,
Nor left me liberty to roam,
Captivity abroad to meet. .

Since I have met thee but to leave,
Have known thee only to regret,
Rejoiced beside thee—but to grieve,
And all but wish we ne'er had met—

For better, far, I deem my fate,—
Absent—remembering thus—to be ;
Than to have lived with hope elate,
Without the hope of meeting thee !



